

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## Oxford Democrat

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### Professional Cards, &c.

**FOSTER & HERSEY,**  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
BETHEL, ME.  
JESSE FOSTER, JR. CHAS. H. HERSEY,  
Oct. 1874.

**S. B. HUTCHINS,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
RUMFORD, ME.  
April 7, 1874.

**SETH W. FIFE,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
FRYBURG, ME.  
COMMISSIONER for New Hampshire.  
Mar. 18, 1874.

**G. D. BISBEE,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
Buckfield, Oxford County, Me.  
EDGAR S. BROWN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
No. 80 Middle Street,  
PORTLAND, MAINE.  
Special attention paid to COLLECTING.  
Feb. 18, 1874.

**E. S. RIDLON,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
1124 EXCHANGE STREET,  
(Cor. Federal St.),  
PORTLAND, MAINE.  
Collections promptly attended to. Oct. 1874.

**S. C. ANDREWS,**  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
88 MIDDLE STREET, Portland, Maine.  
Special attention given to Probate, and  
all cases in the County of Cumberland, Androscoggin  
and Oxford Counties.  
December 9, 1874.

**F. W. REDLON,**  
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
KEZAR FALLS, MAINE.  
Will practice in both Oxford and York Counties.  
December 7, 1874.

**J. S. WRIGHT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
PARIS HILL, MAINE.  
Special attention given to Probate, and  
all cases in the County of Cumberland, Androscoggin  
and Oxford Counties.  
May 6, 1874.

**O. N. BRADY, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
NORWAY, MAINE.  
Residence and office at the house lately  
occupied by Dr. Peabody.  
Norway, Me., Dec. 2, 1874.

**I. ROUNDS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.  
OFFICE—Over J. D. Williams's store, opposite  
the Andrews' house.  
South Paris, July 1, 1874.

**MAINE WATER CURE.**  
(NOT COLD WATER CURE).  
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.  
WATERFORD, MAINE.  
W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D.,  
Superintending Physician & Operating Surgeon.  
No. 6. All interested will please send for circular  
August 22, 1874.

**NATHANIEL WASON,**  
DEPUTY SHERIFF,  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.  
All precepts by mail promptly attended to.  
August 22, 1874.

**O. F. FRANK,**  
DEPUTY SHERIFF,  
OXFORD COUNTY, ME.  
Precepts from abroad promptly attended to.  
Aug. 17, 1874.

**FREELAND HOWE,**  
INSURANCE AGENT!  
NORWAY, ME.  
OFFICE—Over P. O. Office.  
Fire and Life and Accident Insurance. In favor  
of the insured.  
Aug. 17, 1874.

**DR. G. P. JONES,**  
DENTIST,  
NORWAY VILLAGE, MAINE.  
Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanite  
Rubber.  
Nov. 11, 1874.

**DR. N. GAMMON,**  
DENTIST,  
MECHANIC FALLS, ME.  
Dr. G. will be permanently located at Mechanic's  
Falls after the first week in June, 1874.  
No pains will be spared in endeavoring to give  
perfect satisfaction.  
Mar. 24, 1874.

**DR. H. W. FIELD,**  
DENTIST,  
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.  
Will absent the week after the first Monday  
in each month.  
South Paris, July 15, 1873.

**SAMUEL R. CARTER,**  
PARIS HILL, ME.  
LIFE & FIRE INSURANCE AGENT  
OXFORD COUNTY.

S. R. C. represents only first-class Companies  
and will issue Policies at as favorable rates as any  
other Agent. Applications by mail for Circulars  
of insurance, promptly answered, and any part of  
the County visited if requested. April.

## Poetry.

### My Books.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Ah! well I love these books of mine,  
That stand so trimly on their shelves,  
With here and there a broken line  
(Fat "quartos" jostling modest "twelves"),  
A curious company, I own;  
The poorest ranking with their betters;  
In brief—a thing almost unknown—  
A Pure Democracy of Letters.

A motley gathering are they:  
Some fairly worth their weight in gold;  
Some just too good to throw away;  
Some scarcely worth the place they hold.  
Yet well I love them, one and all,  
These friends so meek and unobtrusive,  
Who never fail to come at call,  
Nor (if I scold them) turn abusive!

If I have favorites here and there,  
And, like a monarch, pick and choose,  
I never meet an angry stare  
That this I take and that I refuse;  
No discord rises my soul to vex  
Among these peaceful book-relations,  
Nor envious strife of age or sex  
To mar my quiet lucubrations.

And they have still another merit,  
Which where there are vainly seeks,  
Whether may be an author's spirit,  
He never misjudges of meek;  
And should he prove a fool or clown,  
Unworth the precious time you're spending,  
How quickly you can "put him down,"  
Or "shut him up," without offending!

Here—(pleasing sight)—the timely brood  
Of critics from discussion cease;  
And—stranger still—no more to feud,  
Politeness smiles, and keeps the peace.  
See! side by side, all free from strife  
(Save what the heavy page may smother),  
The gentle "Christians" who, in life,  
For conscience' sake, had burned each other.

I call them friends, these quiet books,  
And well the title may be claimed.  
Who always give me cheerful looks  
(What living friend has done the same?)  
For companionship show few,  
As these my critics ever present.  
Of all the friends I ever knew  
Have been so useful and pleasant!

—Harper's Monthly.

## Selected Story.

### A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

The Rev. Mr. Holbrook put the money  
there, exactly in the middle of the table.  
He remembered it distinctly, and he never  
was mistaken. But the money was there  
no longer. What did it mean?

There stood the little vase of flowers,  
the shadow of the rose bud falling upon  
the cloth as he had seen it when he laid  
the note down. There were the books  
and the little card basket. There perched  
up in the great Turkish chair, sat his little  
daughter, making a bed and pillows for  
her new wax doll. He had only gone to  
the front door with his parishioner who  
had brought her contribution for the ap-  
proaching fair, in the shape of this very five  
dollar note, and it was gone. There was  
no breeze to stir it, for the windows were  
shut. It was certain that Lily sat where  
she had been seated when he left the  
room. Perplexed and angry, the father  
questioned her:

"Lily, where is the money that I laid  
here?"

Lily shook her head.

"Has Lily got any money?"

Lily nodded.

Lily laid down her work—oh, such a  
crooked little bag, with stitches about an  
inch long on the edges—and letting her  
self down from the chair, came slowly  
across the room, and stood solemnly  
before her father.

"It's in both my pockets," she said, and  
put a tiny hand into each and drew out  
two cents.

"Is that all?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes," said Lily.

"You did not see any on the table?"

"No," said Lily; "no sir," and went  
back to her work again.

The clergyman paced the room, looked  
in to the corners, and surveyed the length  
of the carpets; then he spoke again:

"Lily, who has been in the room since  
I left it?"

Lily pondered.

After a while, she said:

"Ned did."

"Ned?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he do?"

"He took a flower out of the vase and  
put it in his button hole."

"The vase on the table?" asked the  
clergyman.

"Yes, sir," said Lily. "Then he went  
right away to school."

This was added because the little crea-  
ture saw anger in her father's eye, and  
knew that a great dislike for school on  
her brother's part was a frequent cause of  
displeasure and reprimand.

"I know," added the little creature so-  
lemnly, "that he runned all the way."

"Ah!" said the clergyman, and then he  
walked to the window and hid his face  
in his hands. He had a cold heart, but it  
was aching pitifully just then. He was  
tender to no one, but he longed to be  
proud of his son, and a suspicion that  
was terrible to harbor possessed him.

Ned was a wild boy—an idler. He  
shirked Sunday school, and was inatten-  
tive in church. He hated study. He  
loved the company of mad cap boys; his  
mother idolized and spoiled him; so his  
father thought he was going straight  
down to perdition, perhaps, who knew,  
for now it seemed likely to the father that  
Ned had stolen that five dollar note.

For the time, however, he kept his  
thoughts to himself, merely commanding  
his obedient wife, who came into the  
room in a few moments, to search it

thoroughly, and to make sure the money  
was not to be found. Then he locked  
himself into his study, and suffered hor-  
ribly in silence for four long hours, when  
an interruption came in the shape of an  
old man, one of the poor of the congre-  
gation, who had a dolorous tale to tell of  
hard times at home, and of this rheuma-  
tism, and his wife's chills and fever.

Relieved of some small change and a  
bundle of tracts, this good man was about  
to depart, when a thought seemed to  
strike him, as he turned toward the pas-  
tor, opened his mouth, shut it again, and  
was about to pass through the door, when  
the clergyman said:

"Well, Watkins?"

And he came to a halt again.

"I suppose it ain't none of my busi-  
ness," he said, "but I kinder felt I'd orter  
tell."

"Do as your conscience prompts you,  
Watkins," said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir," said Watkins. "But you  
see may be you won't thank me." Other  
folks' affairs, you see. You'n you know  
sir. So, there, it's out!"

"Mine?" cried Mr. Holbrook.

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "your'n, sir.  
Taint so very bad, only I don't think  
you'd like your young man for to go  
carreering about with the Gregg boys.  
Their father drinks, and I won't mention  
their mother; and then to see him, arm  
in arm with 'em, buying gunpowder at  
Old Dike Decker's and playin' what's'er  
name—dangit! or baggertelle, behind  
the shop, for drinks of ginger-beer—  
Why, I didn't think you'd like it, sir."

"Like it?" cried Mr. Holbrook. "Mr.  
Watkins, come into the study. There—  
wait a minute. Let me collect myself.  
When did you see my son at that horrible  
place? You saw him there with the Gregg  
boys? When?"

"Only this morning," said Watkins.

"—I was took bad with my knee,  
and was obliged to set down there to rest  
sir; and there the boys was, sir. Your'n,  
sir, had his books in a strap, and it was  
long after school opened. They bought  
lots of eatables an' gunpowder an' things,  
and they hired old Decker's boat and  
went out into it, and broke an oar and  
had to pay for it. They spent five dollars  
altogether—leastways I heard old Decker  
say so. Five dollars then three boys—  
well, I felt I'd orter tell!"

"Thank you, Watkins," said the clergy-  
man sadly. "It is bad news, but you  
have done your duty."

And Watkins departed, leaving his  
pastor alone with his thoughts.

Five minutes after he had gone the  
clergyman's son, flushed with exertion  
and excitement, opened the front door  
and ran up stairs to his own room. Ere  
he reached it, his father's voice sounded  
through the house—

"Edward! come here!"

Edward obeyed.

He came into the study slowly, and  
behind him followed his mother, with a  
face that denoted the premonition of  
coming scenes.

"Hester, said Mr. Holbrook, "since you  
are here you may stay, but you must not  
interfere. It is my duty to be firm. Sit  
down Hester. Edward, come here."

The boy advanced and stood before his  
father, swinging his strap of books to and  
fro uneasily. He was a handsome brown  
fellow, with gypsy eyes and curly black  
hair. One of those boys on whom nature  
seems to have stamped "Rover" from the  
first.

"You have been playing truant to-day,  
Edward," said the father.

"Oh, no!" cried the mother.

"Yes," said the boy; "I won't lie  
about it, sir. I have."

"With those young fellows, the Gregg  
boys," said the clergyman. "You were  
at the drinking shop of that old infidel,  
Dike Decker. You spent a great deal of  
money there. Five dollars, perhaps?"

"Yes," said the boy; "I believe we  
did."

"And you stole that money from me  
before you went, as you pretended, to  
school," said the clergyman. "You stole  
it from the treasury of the Lord, though  
perhaps you did not know that. It was  
given to me for the church by one who  
could ill afford to lose it, and you stole  
it."

"Sir!" cried the boy; "stole it! I—stole  
from you, or any one? Oh! father, how  
can you say such things?"

"I have given you no money, nor has  
your mother, I know," said the clergy-  
man. "You have spent a similar sum.  
I will not tempt you to falsehood by ask-  
ing you to explain. I will tell you this,  
—confess and prove yourself penitent,  
and I will kneel down and pray with you  
for forgiveness. Refuse to confess your  
guilt, and I will flog you as long as I  
have strength to hold the whip. I will  
not spare the rod and spoil the child. God  
would not hold me guiltless if I did."

The mother, who was weeping bitterly,  
hid her face in the sofa cushions.

The boy flushing scarlet, drew closer  
to his father.

"Father," he said humbly, "I know it  
seems as if I took it, but I did not. I  
would not do such a vile thing. Let me  
tell you the truth. I saw the note on the  
table, and left it there, of course. I  
started to school as usual. I meant to  
go, and on the way I met Tom Gregg;  
and as we passed the confectioner's shop  
we saw a buggy, with a very pretty little  
girl—a mere baby—sitting alone in it,  
just then the horses started, and—and—it  
wasn't anything to do, but I stopped  
them; and the gentleman—the child's

father—thanked me so much, and said  
I'd saved her life, and he wanted to give  
me the money, and I wouldn't take it,  
and he gave it to Gregg. Gregg took it  
it. It was five dollars. And after that I  
did wrong; for we went off together on a  
jollification, sir, and that's the truth.  
You believe me, mamma. You do, too,  
father, oh, say you do. Let me bring  
Gregg. He'll tell you it is so."

"No doubt," said the clergyman.  
"Nevertheless, I do not believe you. I  
will leave you here until this evening—  
when I return you must confess or suffer  
punishment. Hester, come with me."

"Oh, Alred!" sobbed the mother,  
"don't be so unjust! don't doubt our  
poor boy! Can't you see it's true? Ned,  
darling, I know it is!"

But the strong hand of the clergyman  
drew his wife from the room, and turned  
the key upon the boy, who stood staring  
after them with despair in his great black  
eyes.

In his heart Mr. Holbrook felt assured  
that his boy was both a thief and a liar.

But the mother knew better. The  
poor, loving, broken-hearted mother,  
who wept and prayed together, and felt  
that at last indeed God had deserted her.

The day passed on, and the evening  
lamps were lighted. The clergyman  
arose from his chair and went  
toward an old fashioned chimney-closet,  
and took from thence a riding whip.  
The mother gave a scream, and flew toward  
him, and clung to his arm. He put her  
aside and passed out of the room, and  
stood for a few moments alone in his  
study.

The boy had been weeping. He lifted  
his swollen eyes to his father's face, and  
spoke:

"Father, I don't mind a flogging.  
That's not it. I deserve one for playing  
truant, perhaps; but tell me you know I  
am not a thief and then I won't care how  
hard the blows are. Tell me that,  
father."

"You will not confess, then?" replied  
the clergyman.

"I did not steal the money," said the  
boy.

"God hears you," said Mr. Holbrook.

"I know it," said Edward.

"Edward," said Mr. Holbrook, "I am  
a strong man. You are not able to bear  
the whipping I will give you. It will  
come to confession at last. Spare us  
both."

For answer the boy cast of his jacket.

"Good," he said, "I am ready. You  
whip me to death if you like. I'll never  
call myself a thief."

It sounded like defiance, and the first  
blow fell. With the first blow all the  
evil passions that lay dormant in either  
breast awoke. The violent obstinacy of  
the boy, his unflinching reception of the  
blows, made the father furious, every  
stroke drove the good angels further  
from the boy.

Suddenly a flood of rage, that passes  
all description, filled the young heart, and  
an oath burst from his lips. Following  
the oath came such a blow as no Christian  
ever gave an unmanageable horse, a  
blow with the clubbed handle of the  
whip, and he fell to the floor like one  
dead.

The father bent over him for a moment  
and then opened the door. The mother  
trembling and sobbing, rushed in. The  
old servant woman followed.

The clergyman, sick at heart, staggered  
into the parlor; he sat down in the  
Turkish chair, and looked vacantly at the  
figure of his little busy girl at the table.

She brought into the parlor a little box  
which she had dubbed her baby house;  
and unconscious of what had taken place  
in the study was furnishing it to her  
heart's content.

Now all was ready for the reception of  
the doll, and she put out her little hand  
and plucked her father's sleeve.

"Papa," she said, "it's got a bed, and  
pillows, and stove, and a picture. Look  
at my picture, papa."

Absently still, the clergyman gazed  
into the baby house. In a moment more  
an awful look swept over his face.

"Your picture!" he cried. "Is that  
what you call your picture? Where did  
you get it?"

"Of the table," said the child. "My  
pretty green pictures. I hung it up with  
a pin."

It was the five dollar bill that was  
pinned against the wall of the doll's  
parlor.

It was the bill that had been lost that  
morning. Lily, in her ignorance, thought  
of pennies only as money. She had  
never had anything else given to her, but  
her passion for pictures was great. Inno-  
cent she had taken this pretty green one  
for her own.

People sometimes ask why the Rev. Mr.  
Holbrook, who was so useful in his  
congregation, preaches no longer, and  
lives in a lonely little country place apart  
from all who ever knew or admired him.

One woman knew his sad, yet forgiving  
wife. As for the poor idiot who crawls  
about the house, a more pitiful one to  
listen to, he knows nothing. He has  
never known anything since the last fatal  
blow, of which the father dreams per-  
petually, ended all for him.

—Mrs. Malaprop declares that, for  
herself, her nerves would never bear the  
shock of having anything to do with the  
electrical franchise.

—The Commercial Bulletin says that  
good summer board is hard to find, but  
one can find good spring board at most  
any gymnasium.

## Miscellany.

### Tobacco Song.

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
Grown up in the morn, cut down at eve;  
This sad decay  
Shows that we are but clay.  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco,  
The pipe that is so very white,  
In which so many take delight,  
Is broken by a touch;  
And our lives are but such.  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.  
The smoke, that doth ascend on high,  
Shows us that we are born to die;  
As vapor doth ascend,  
So our lives are at an end.  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.  
The pipe that is so full within,  
Shows us that we are born in sin;  
And from this it doth require  
To be cleansed in the fire,  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.  
The ashes, that remain behind,  
Doth signify to all mankind  
That we came from the dust,  
And return to it we must.  
Think of this when you smoke tobacco.

### "Nigger-Hunting."

CONFEDERATE X ROADS.  
(Which is in the State of Kentucky.)  
August 27, 1874.

The Corners hev, up to a very recent  
date, enjoyed the most profound peace.

I bein the only one of the stock which kin  
read, our people have never bin vexed  
with the Beecher-Tilton scandal, and  
thank Heaven, Bascom hex recovered  
from the effect of the Crossade, and his  
grocery is runnin ez yoozual. Pollok  
and Bigler was tendin to their bliznes toler-  
ably decent, and not botherin us us very  
much; the niggers come to town only ez  
often ez they cood help, and, in short, the  
corners hev been ez serene ez an average  
Joan mornin. The crops wuz lookin  
tolerably well, notwithstanding the diffi-  
culty uv gettin labor, (for niggers wuz  
all workin for themselves, and our peo-  
ple will never do meenyal servis till  
they are compelled to) and Bascom wuz  
reely cheerful with the certainty of gettin  
suttin on account ez soon ez the harvest  
wuz over.

Things wuz a runnin this way till one  
mornin the nooze reacht us uv the nigger  
outrages in Owen County, ez well ez  
similar ones in Texas and Mississippi—  
No matter what nooze don't reach us,  
them uv nigger outrages alluz comes  
direct an' promptly.

Immedately Deekin Pogram began to  
get oncus. Issaker Gavitt began to cilen  
his double barrel shot gun, and Capt. Mc-  
Pelter appeared at Bascom's with two  
navy revolvers slung to him.

"Why this warlike array?" I asked.

"Why this array of yourselves ez a  
deadly and imminent fray wuz pendin?"

Capt. McPelter replied that there wuz a  
fery and wicked deed abroad. The nigs  
guz in insurrection in Owen  
County and everywhere else, and it wuz  
his unblashed opinun that the niggers uv  
the Corners and vicinity wuz mediatin  
and uprisin, and for one he proposed to  
be prepared for it. The white race hed  
suffered enuff from bein ground into the  
yearth by the yoozursers, and his blood  
biled when he tho't uv it. Shood niggers  
—an inferior race—lord it over the proud  
Caucashin? Shood their heels be tor-  
ever on our necks? It wuz the dooty  
uv every white man to protest agin Bein  
thus enslaved.

And Capt. McPelter askt us all to take  
suttin, which we did with thesacility hex  
ever distinguished the Cross Roads.

About this time Deekin Pogram came  
in. It is a singular thing, and a provi-  
dential one, that the Deekin alluz does  
come in jest ez somebody invites all  
present to take suttin. He is forthwith  
in respect. And one by one all the  
reglers dropped in. To these McPelter  
expressed teers uv a nigger uprisin, and  
after ten or a dozen drinks all round the  
danger seemed so imminent that it wuz  
deemed wise and prudent to arm and  
wait for the bustin uv of the comin storm.

Accordingly messengers wuz sent out to  
get each arms ez wuz handy at their re-  
spective houses. The rifles, shot guns  
and revolvers wuz cleaned up and loaded  
and we waited calmly for the comin uv  
the black hots.

But they didn't come, and after waitin  
awhile Capt. McPelter, who had listin  
in ten or a dozen drinks, sejested that the  
best thing to do under the circumstances  
would be to go and look for the invaders.

"This thing" sed the Captain, "shood  
be nipt in the bud. In such matters ez  
this heroic treatment is the best.—  
Look to the caps on your guns, and let us  
hence."

And takin another drink or two, we  
saifed out to find the gathering host that  
hed determined upon our destruktshun.—  
We wuz a gallant force. By the time we  
got fairly under way there wuz a hundred  
us, armed to the teeth, with weapons  
offensive and defensive.

We disktivered no nigger till we got  
outside the village. The first one we  
saw wuz a bloodthirsty wretch who wuz  
a hoien corn. He looked at us and glared  
defiance, leavin in an offensive manner  
on his hoe.

One look uv hizzen wuz suffisient to  
inflame Capt. McPelter with rage.

"That double-dyed villin voted the  
cleen republicin ticket last fall—of he  
lives he will do it agen this fall."

And puttin his faithful gun to his  
shoulder he giv one look at the hidjus  
beis,











